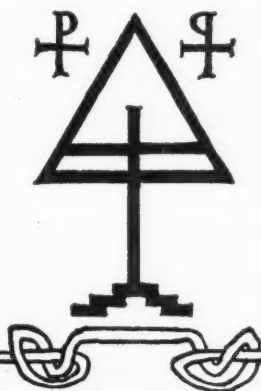


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THE FIELD AFAR



HONGKONG—THE HANGING GARDEN OF THE ORIENT.

VOL. XII. No. 6 + JUNE, 1918 + PRICE 10 CENTS



T H E H E A R T O F M A R Y K N O L L .

THE Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary of America is located on a slightly hill overlooking the Hudson River, about thirty miles north of New York City. The place is called, in honor of the Blessed Virgin, *Maryknoll*. The Seminary is under the direction of secular priests who have been organized as the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America. Their object is to train priests for missions to the heathen and to help arouse the Catholics of our country to a clearer appreciation of their duty towards this particular need. The Seminary has at present a faculty of ten priests, twenty-five students of Philosophy and Theology, and ten auxiliary-brothers.

The movement was set on foot by Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, and the then Apostolic Delegate, Cardinal Falconio. It was approved by the Council of Archbishops at Washington, April 27, 1911, and authorized by Pope Pius X. at Rome, on the Feast of the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul, June 29, of the same year.

On July 15, 1915, the young Society received from a Rome the decree of Praise, and was placed directly under the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda. It is incorporated in New York State and is under the spiritual jurisdiction of His Eminence John Cardinal Farley, who is Honorary President of the Corporation. The corporate name of the Society is: Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Inc.

In September, 1916, it opened at Clark's Green, Pa., in the diocese of Scranton, a preparatory house of studies with the corporate title of the Vénard Apostolic School. Here thirty-seven youths are following high school and college courses under the direction of six professors, five of whom are priests.

In September, 1917, the Maryknoll Procurator of San Francisco was opened. This will serve as a halfway house for our missionaries on their way to the Far East, and will be the center of C. F. M. S. activities on the Pacific Coast.

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THE FIELD AFAR

ORGAN OF THE CATHOLIC FOREIGN MISSION SOCIETY OF AMERICA

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COOPERANTVR IN BONVM



TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL THINGS
WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD

ENTERED AT POST-OFFICE, OSSINING, N. Y., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

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THE FIELD AFAR

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From Missioners in the Field—

Several hundred Masses yearly; Frequent Communion and prayers of faithful converts.

OFFICES OF THE SOCIETY MARYKNOLL - - OSSINING P. O., N. Y.

THE FIELD AFAR is the official organ of the Catholic Foreign Mission Seminary. Checks and other payments may be forwarded to the Very Rev. James A. Walsh. Advertising rates will be sent upon application.

A field in China has been assigned by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in Rome to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America.

This action confirms a conditional agreement made December 25, 1917, at Canton, China, between the Bishop of that city and the Superior of Maryknoll.

Preparations will at once be made for the first departure of priests to the Far East, which it is believed will take place in the fall of this year. (See insert pages.)

KEEP in your prayers our soldier boys in Europe and in the American camps, and elsewhere, if your heart is big; but do not pass over the Soldiers of Christ, who, in far-off lands, are fighting His battle for souls.

POOR old China!

This is what those who have been there, and who have learned to know the patient people of that much disturbed country, are inclined to say as they watch her in her present plight.

At present she has practically no government; and this is the cause of her troubles.

Give her a prayer. She is well worth it.

THE parents of the nation are sacrificing their sons to cross the Atlantic, and to die, perhaps, as every true patriot is willing to do for his country, and the world applauds the sacrifice, as it should.

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But remember—when a youth—your boy, possibly—volunteers to cross the Pacific so as to fight not men, but Satan and his legions, do not keep from him the encouragement which he deserves.

THIS is the day of big ideas. Everything is done on a large scale. Millions of dollars are appropriated, where formerly thousands were deemed sufficient. We are acting as a unit and nation-wide action must deal in nine figures.

Our war training is a good preparation for grasping the magnitude of the work to be done in China; and once the size of the mission problem is recognized, apathy in foreign mission propaganda will be quickened into a national Catholic movement to cope with the task.

We are appreciating better daily the value of the man-power and the "Almighty Dollar" of the Nation, and the conversion of the millions of Chinese pagans will be solved by an enthusiastic rallying of men and means, when the minds of American Catholics

value justly the billion immortal souls thirsting for the waters of Baptism.

* * *

THE call to arms is a call to self-sacrifice, and must react with benefit not only to the country, but to the Church. After this war the youth who thinks of the priesthood as his life work will not find it so hard to picture himself far away from his own state, or even from his own country.

Applications and inquiries are steadily coming to Maryknoll. This is the season when young men are thinking seriously, and asking two questions:

What shall I be?

Where shall I go next September?

And the whisper of God, falling on the ears of some, will bear to their generous young souls the idea of FOREIGN MISSIONS.

* * *

THE community of Maryknoll owes more than it has ever expressed to the good-will of FIELD AFAR readers. Wittingly or unwittingly they have boosted the circulation of this paper, so that to-day it stands as a bulwark behind the young American Foreign Mission Seminary and its work—present and in prospect.

Nearly every publication attempts regularly to make up for lapsed subscribers and to find new friends by sending out circulars, and THE FIELD AFAR joins this procession occasionally, but what counts is the *personal appeal* of one interested reader—of you, for example.

—

This is what counts. The mails are filled with all kinds of advertisements, good and bad, and many an envelope bearing FIELD AFAR messages has doubtless lost its sweetness in the waste-basket.

It is good, indeed, to send to us the name of a prospect. It is better to tell the prospect by word of mouth or by telephone, or by a written line, that you have done so.

WITH a mission-field in actual vision we shall have to provide for the passage of priests; for the education of bright young native chaps who give signs of a vocation to the priesthood; and for catechists.

Already we are at work on *Catechist Foundations* of five thousand dollars each.

A similar amount will be required to provide for the passage of one missionary a year to the Far East, and for the training of boys destined to be priests we shall need foundations of one thousand dollars.

From what sources will such foundations come? We don't know, but God does. Fortunately there is a fine type of Catholic in this country—the kind that looks upon co-operation with apostles as a privilege as well as a duty. We have confidence that as our need rises it will be met by such souls as these.

—

The lines that follow do not lead us to expect one of these large foundation gifts, but they exemplify the type to which we have just alluded:

I am very much interested in the first workers who are to leave Maryknoll for the foreign missions, and if there is any particular way in which I could help, I should be glad to know of it.

* * *

The times in which we live may be awful, but they are widening men's vision, opening hearts and purses to the needs of others, and preparing the world for higher conquests than of the things that perish.

* * *

THE Pittsburgh diocese has been quietly and substantially helping our young society almost from its start, and this year the allotment that came from the Diocesan Missionary Aid Society of that well organized diocese was, as already announced, no less than two thousand dollars.

We are one of several benefi-

ciaries of the Pittsburgh society, and our hope is that we may continue to merit the approval and confidence of those who administer its funds. More than this, we hope that what comes to us will bring large additions to the fund and correspondingly increased allotments to other organizations engaged in the work of missions.

The statement of the Pittsburgh Diocesan Missionary Aid Society for its latest fiscal year announces a sum total of more than forty-one thousand dollars. Expenses were less than seven-hundred-fifty, and the disbursements included two main items:

American Missions\$25,820.71
Foreign Missions 14,135.26

Maryknoll had a generous share in the assignment, and is again grateful for the kindly patronage which for several years it has enjoyed from the Pittsburgh diocese.

* * *

AGAIN the luminous eyes of *Our Sunday Visitor* have spotted Maryknoll on its wide horizon, and as a result Maryknoll is just two thousand dollars ahead. At the request of Fr. Noll, the editor, one thousand of these dollars will be set aside to establish the *Our Sunday Visitor Burse*, and Maryknoll is proud to have on its burse list from now on to the end of its history a name so deservedly popular. May the *Sunday Visitor's* charity react on its own great work! We quote from Fr. Noll's letter:

I am sending our "greetings" in the shape of two checks to the amount of \$1,000 each.

These are to start *Our Sunday Visitor Burse*. We hope to send you \$1,000 a year until the fund is completed.

One of the checks is an outright donation from O. S. V.; the other represents your half of a fund gathered from our readers under the heading "Extension and Maryknoll Burses." (The other half we are sending to the Catholic Church Extension Society.)

* * *

Train the little ones to use a mite box for love of Jesus Christ.

"The Far East."

THE *Maynooth Mission* movement is well under way and deserves the success which it undoubtedly will obtain. "All praise to St. Patrick" should be supplemented now by "All praise to the Irish Hierarchy for the signal encouragement and practical co-operation which it is giving to this splendid cause."

The Far East is the organ of the Irish Foreign Mission. Seminary, and it looks enough like THE FIELD AFAR to be its twin sister.

Even the title suggests relationship. While we hope that the twins may not get mixed, and that no annoying confusion shall result, we trust and believe that the similarity of object and means will serve only to strengthen the bond of unity that should characterize all works for Christ, and that has from the beginning marked the relationship between the Maynooth Mission and Maryknoll.

Maryknoll Mail
comes to the

OSSINING POST-OFFICE
Make money-orders payable
at Ossining P.O., otherwise we lose
time and money.

THE enthusiast who writes what follows is a religious order priest from Pennsylvania. He has a large head and good ideas, so that we are inclined to think there is something in what he says:

I have been with you to China and back again. All the while one idea got uppermost in my mind and gradually crystallized, and now with your permission I am going to unfold it.

Maryknoll, Vénard, Procuration, and your first localization in China are so many links in a chain, which with time will increase in numbers. They are one in unit of thought and object and this unit ought to be expressed and represented in one word, *i. e.*, **MARYKNOLL**.

You must get the idea spread into every household of the country. You have too many names to accomplish this. Vénard, Procure, etc., and the common people must study a lot to keep all these names and more names to come.

Now, here is my idea:



"I wish you to serve Me as an instrument to draw hearts to My love."
(Words of Our Lord to Bl. Margaret Mary.)

Maryknoll-on-the-Hudson.
Maryknoll-at-Scranton.
Maryknoll-at-San Francisco.
Maryknoll-in-China, etc., etc., etc.
Maryknoll Fathers.
Maryknoll Sisters.
Maryknoll Brothers.
Maryknoll Circles instead of "Mission Circles."
Maryknoll Pins, Maryknoll Land-slips, etc., etc., etc.

The word **MARYKNOLL** must become a household word in the United States, and the whole world. Every seminarian, every college student, academy girl, higher grade boy and girl in our schools, every teacher, Brother or Sister, every priest, bishop, archbishop, cardinal in the country, must know the word **MARYKNOLL**.

Anywhere in the world, the moment you see *Y. M. C. A.* you know what it stands for. Anywhere in the world you see Maryknoll you must know what it stands for.

Concentrate all your work, all your results thus far, all your future endeavors, all your foundations, all your enterprises, in the word **MARYKNOLL**.

King Philip formed the Macedonian Legion with which his son conquered Asia. The word **MARYKNOLL** must be used like a phalanx. Too many names might be remembered by the closely allied, but the great public cannot keep track of them. One word, **MARYKNOLL**, will tell enough, the moment the public hears of it.

The word **MARYKNOLL** must be kept before the eyes and under the nose of the whole U. S. A. Its entire-

ty, its every part and parcel, its origin, object, and all its endeavors, must be crystallized in the one word to charm with, and that is **MARYKNOLL**.

Your
MARYKNOLL UNCLE.

The President's Proclamation.

IN these days of stress and struggle we wish to record for future generations and for those of our readers, who, perhaps, have not seen it, the Memorial Day proclamation of an American President:

And Whereas, it has always been the reverent habit of the people of the United States to turn in humble appeal to Almighty God for His guidance in the affairs of their common life;

Now, therefore, I, Woodrow Wilson, President of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim Thursday, the thirtieth day of May, a day already freighted with sacred and stimulating memories, a day of public humiliation, prayer and fasting, and do exhort my fellow citizens of all faiths and creeds to assemble on that day in several places of worship and there, as well as in their homes, to pray Almighty God that He may forgive our sins and shortcomings as a people and purify our hearts to see and love the truth, to accept and defend all things that are just and right and to purpose only those righteous acts and judgments which are in conformity with his will; beseeching him that He will give victory to our armies as they fight for freedom, wisdom to those who take counsel on our behalf in these days of dark struggle and perplexity, and steadfastness to our people to make sacrifice to the utmost in support of what is just and true, bringing us at last the peace in which men's hearts can be at rest because it is founded upon mercy, justice, and good will.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done in the District of Columbia this eleventh day of May, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and eighteen and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and forty-second.

WOODROW WILSON.

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BLESSED THEOPHANE VÉN-
ARD'S LIFE AND LETTERS**

241 Pages. 15 Illustrations.

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Noted for Our Readers.

A YOUNG aspirant called to the colors from the Paris Seminary, and killed in action, had begun, during his spare time in the trenches, some meditation verses on the Stations of the Cross. He had finished the third station—*Jesus falls under the weight of the Cross.*

During a brief stop-over in Chicago, the Maryknoll Superior met Father Ligstein, the organizer of a society to help "needy missions wherever found." This society collects second-hand vestments, chalices and other church goods, all of which, after being renovated, are forwarded to needy dioceses.

The organization is called *The Society of Missionary Helpers of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.*

A half-dozen New York papers printed some weeks ago a somewhat highly-colored account of Maryknoll's Superior passing through and around the lines of battle near Yeong-kong in China. There was no truth in the fact, but the possibility existed. Battles in China, as carried on today, are not very serious. The Chinese seem to be less sanguinary than some European nations. Also, they have less ammunition.

Our special premium offer to priests and Sisters brought, among other orders for Maryknoll publications, one for a hundred copies of *Bernadette of Lourdes*, which a Sunday-school Director intends to distribute among his teachers and pupils. Of this book another friend says:

The story of the little Shepherdess of Lourdes is told so simply and so charmingly that I could not put it down until I had reached the end, and now I am re-reading it at leisure.

Make every member of the family one of our Associates. Fifty cents for each will do this.

A good friend whom we have lost, and whose soul we recommend to those who pray for Maryknoll's benefactors, is the late Monsignor Thaddeus Hogan, of Trenton, a priest of sterling character, who knew by early experience in Australia the arduous labor of mission life. "I look to die," he said, "without money and without debt. My single wish has been to promote God's honor; I have had no other ambition."

In conversation at Shanghai with the Procurator of the Belgian Foreign Missions, the Maryknoll traveler was pleased to learn that vocations have greatly increased, and that the foreign mission seminary at Scheut, a suburb of Brussels, is overcrowded.

News comes to the same effect from Holland, which bids fair to lead the Catholic world in actual numbers of foreign missionaries, as it does already in its proportionate share.

An infinitely larger number of souls would be converted if there were not such a lack of missionaries. Many a time I have had a mind to go to the Academies of Europe and cry out to all those who have more learning than charity: "Oh, how many souls lose heaven and perish in hell through your negligence!"—St. Francis Xavier.

An American traveling to-day in China must reckon on expenses considerably in excess of pre-war times, although the changed condition works to the benefit of the Chinese themselves, especially of those who buy goods in America.

Formerly when an American dollar bill was changed into Chinese money it produced two full Chinese dollars. To-day it gives only about \$1.38 in Chinese money. This fact has added to the cares of missionaries, especially of those who depend on American or European Mass intentions and gifts.

About Books.

To Monsignor O'Brien, of Kalamazoo, we are indebted for a recent book, *Historic Mackinaw*—a most attractive picture of early days in the life of the Middle West.

Sacerdos in Sinis—

A new review edited in Latin by the Lazarist Fathers of Peking. It is prepared exclusively for priests and publishes decrees, cases of conscience, and other matters bearing especially on the missions of China. It is a magazine which cannot fail to be of considerable assistance to many missionaries.

The fourth volume of *Researches into Chinese Superstitions*, translated from the French of Henry Doré and annotated by Rev. M. Kennelly, S.J., forms a most interesting addition to English foreign mission literature.

Two-thirds of the volume deal with divination in various forms, while the rest of the work is devoted to an exposé of Buddhist superstitions that have a popular hold.

A profusion of full-page colored illustrations lends a special charm to this book as to all works on peoples and customs that are strange to us.

The paper is strong and of excellent finish, the type clear and well spaced.

The *toute ensemble* is a work that in scientific merit and artistic finish leaves little to be desired; a study that will both satisfy the critical ethnologist and delight the casual reader.

An English book about Catholic foreign missions is even yet so rare a sight that it seemed good to receive from Fr. Carroll of Allahabad a volume written by that Capuchin missionary and entitled *Our Missionary Life in India* (Inscribed to Beginners). Fr. Carroll writes for the instruction of new missionaries in the field, but the stay-at-homes will find his comments very enlightening. The book has more than four hundred pages and is well-printed. The contents are as follows:

The Apostolic Missionary.—First Days in India.—The Study of the Languages.—Other Necessary and Helpful Knowledge.—Fundamental Duties.—The Missionary in Relation to the Government.—The Missionary in a Native Colony.—The Missionary as the Apostle of the Natives.—The Missionary as Civil Chaplain or Parish Priest.—The Missionary as Chaplain to the Troops.—The Missionary in Schools and Colleges.—The Missionary in his Church.—The Missionary at Home.—Conclusion.

The Pioneer's Log. (Ning-po.)

BUILT to command, Fr. Nugent at once took our little party under his wing and everybody began to move in our direction. We had had no breakfast. A "boy" was summoned and a few minutes later five raw eggs arrived for inspection. Fr. Nugent's face grew tense as he took the ovals and shook each in turn, listening as if to a tuning-fork. Evidently the eggs were passable and the "boy" disappeared with them, while Fr. Nugent continued to talk at me, insisting among other things that a priest with a weak stomach should not come to China. He told me that to arrive at Chusan from his place he had walked twelve miles before taking his boat, and had spent a day on the boat before reaching Chusan; that at Chusan Sr. Xavier had been keeping candles lighted so that we two should not fail to bump our heads together; that he had succeeded Fr. Andrew Tsu, who had been massacred by bandits; that he himself has not been bothered much with such people but that he has to keep his eyes open and the doors of his house closed; that he cannot play any musical instrument, but sings much when alone; that—suddenly he realized that those eggs had not returned, and he broke through a group of curious Chinese to find out why.

Three minutes later they came. A small cup of tea, without sugar or milk, of course, followed the eggs. The captain came along just then and Fr. Nugent gave him the proper greeting: "Have you eaten? Are you filled to the limit?" And the honorable skipper, looking at our mess, expressed his sorrow that we had not been provided with enough side dishes to carry the rice to its destination. This, too, was a formality. As a matter of fact, we had been served neither with rice nor with the odds and ends that usually accompany it. Then there were smiles that were priceless, and the captain passed on, leaving Fr. Nugent to resume his travelogue.

Among other things, he told of occasional lodgings in pagodas, where he had actually offered the Holy Sacrifice in a quiet corner of breakfasts with bonzes, and of chats with old pagan women, whom he had interrupted while saying their beads.

It was a little after lunch hour when we arrived at the wharf in Ning-po, where we found Bishop Reynaud and his priests waving a welcome from the balcony. That point of observation was a few hundred feet away and separated by a crowded thoroughfare, but Fr. Nugent started a long distance

conversation without a megaphone and everybody seemed interested, even if all could not understand.

During lunch we learned the details of the "battle" of Ning-po, which had taken place in our absence. It seems that on the night when I was obliged to reach the Bishop's house from the rear a bank was being robbed of ten thousand dollars. The soldiers who had blocked our path were local revolutionists who needed some spare change. Two days later Northern soldiers arrived and a score of men were injured, one being killed.

Then there were parleys and subscriptions, as a result of which each of the noble revolutionists received fifty dollars, laid down his arms, and went back to his usual occupation—in many cases watching the turns in a gambling house. During the trouble several stores had been looted.

That evening I left Ning-po in a large coasting steamer, the sole occupant of an ordinary state-room that seemed like a royal chamber.

We were only three passengers, one an Englishman, the other a young Chinese physician who had been sent down to Ning-po to patch up the wounded. I talked with both and each in turn had several inquiries to make about the Catholic Church.

The Englishman had been fed on some antiquated ex-priest literature, and the young physician must have run into a remarkable professor at

the Yale Medical School of China—or he himself must have had a dream. He told me that this professor had explained scientifically to the class "the changing of bread into wine—an operation which Catholic priests claim to effect in the Mass."

If we Catholics only realized how little our Faith is known by the average Protestant!

(Shanghai.)

We reached Shanghai shortly after six o'clock Thursday morning, and my thoughtful Irish friend had a carriage with three attendants to bring me back to the Paris Seminary Procuration, which felt like home with its simple chapel and kindly priests.

The reception prepared by Mr. C. and his friends to honor the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America brought to the Astor House more than five hundred people, for most of whom English was the native tongue. Tea and cakes were served in the large dining-room, after which the people filled the assembly hall for a talk on Catholic Missions in China—and on Maryknoll. Some fourteen priests were present on the occasion and the American consul was in evidence.

I had met the Consul, Mr. —, earlier in the day. He had learned of my visit and its purpose and was undoubtedly pleased to know that American priests are coming to labor in China. He remarked that he had



THE BISHOP'S HOUSE AT NING-PO.
(Photograph sent by Fr. Buch.)

often wondered why we had sent none.

Mr. — is an energetic official, interested in any phase of activity which will redound to the credit of the country he represents. I could not but admire his strong loyalty, but as our mission concerns the souls of those to whom we expect to minister in this land I could give no assurance of any material advantages except such as would be derived providentially or indirectly from the sacrifices made by American priests for the glory of God.

That night I had a strong feeling that much good would result from the labors and generosity of those Catholics in Shanghai, who had organized so well such an unusual affair, and I hope that they will reap the fruits of their zeal.

The day following the reception several men called to express the hope that they might be of use to American missionaries in China. One is connected with the Chinese postal service and has travelled over the Celestial Empire. Another, a business man from New York, opened several avenues of possible help to Catholic missions in China.

The next morning after Mass I had something of a shock when I saw the figure of a tall, thin, smooth-faced priest kneeling at the end of the chapel. It was Fr. Fraser, whom I had left only a few days before in Tai-chow-fu and who had come, I soon learned, to offer his services to Maryknoll as one of its priests. This proposition meant a long talk that morning, and when it was over I rejoiced in the thought that a worthy and apostolic priest, to whom China had become a home, would cast in his lot with our young Society.

At tiffin at the Bishop's I met several Jesuit Fathers and all, like Bishop Paris, were most affable. Bishop Paris has an idea, however, that American priests will not be able to accommodate themselves to Chinese life, with its quaint customs and slow movement.

O you American youths, what an opportunity is yours to lay out the ghosts of "Americanism" and "Modernism" that have floated from Europe over to the Far East! Not every American priest who comes to work in China will succeed. No nationality has had so enviable a record and we have no right to believe that we shall be the exception. American priests will make mistakes, and we who send them out shall find that our judgment will not always be true, but our hope is strong that American Catholic missionary effort will, with God's help, prove well worth while.

We are young in mission experience and have much to learn. If, in return for the lessons ahead of us, we can give something more than money, so much the better. God knows the future. We will do our best, keeping in mind always that we must seek His kingdom in every effort that we make for souls. The glory of our young Society and that of our nationality will take care of themselves and need not concern us.

(Hangchow.)

Sunday morning Fr. Fraser and I started for Hangchow. We hoped to lunch at Kiashing with the pastor and Fr. O'Leary. Readers of *THE FIELD AFAR* will recall sundry letters from Frs. O'Leary and O'Reilly, who passed through the United States on their way to China a few short years ago. We were going to meet one of the two at Kiashing, but which I was not certain, as the good French Fathers of Chekiang were not keen on the distinction.

As a matter of fact, neither was at Kiashing. We had been looking forward to a feast with the accompaniment of an Irish harp, a Scottish bagpipe, and an American tin whistle, but our friends had gone on to Hangchow to meet us. At the station there we found Fr. O'Leary with Fr. McArdle—a doughty little Scotch priest whose cheery smile is known to many of our readers. It seemed strange to hear everybody in that group hammering his English as to the manner born, and I felt that it was the heralding of a new day for English-speaking Catholic priests—a day full of possibilities for the Cause of Christ.

A half-hour's rickshaw run brought us to the mission, the heart of the new vicariate which, like all new vicariates, as with new parishes generally, has already proved the wisdom of a division. A princely welcome was awaiting us from Bishop Faveau and his assistants. Bishop Faveau was formerly in charge of the mission to which he has returned as Vicar Apostolic, and his priestly character, his simple life and generous nature, are reflected in the priests associated with him, to the advantage of Catholicity in that important centre.

Hangchow is large and, like all Chinese cities, crowded. Its alleys teem with life, but in sections of the city are appearing new avenues that make one feel as if he were on the boulevards of an American metropolis. As China opens its eyes it is beginning to widen its thoroughfares. Light and air introduce other reforms; and little by little the old order is changing.

The next morning Fr. Fraser, Fr. O'Leary, and I took the train for Shanghai. Fr. O'Leary's immediate destination was the Consular office, as he will hereafter be associated with the Maynooth Mission and has been asked to gather some of the needful for this work.

Getting back to Shanghai is almost like catching a glimpse of America, and I had a "homey" feeling as we entered the city.

(Hongkong.)

When passports had been viscé and other matters attended to, we left for Hongkong. The boat was a coasting steamer, freighted with Chinese, horses, sheep, goats, cotton, and a hundred odds and ends. Above this combination were the quarters for the officers and for white passengers, of whom there were seven. The dining-room was identical with the saloon, and the staterooms were off the dining-room, so that we soon fell into the family spirit and the voyage, though rough, was restful and agreeable. It lasted from Thursday to Monday, broken by a stop of fourteen hours at Amoy.

When we docked Monday morning at the foot of the beautiful city of Hongkong I had the pleasure of meeting for the first time a priest whom I had long known by correspondence, Père Robert, of the Paris Foreign Missions. One of his assistants, Fr. Ouillon, was with him, and we were soon climbing the steep of Hongkong to 34 Caine Road, the Central Procurator for the great mission society of France.

As we turned into a delightful but rather neglected old garden and mounted a long flight of steps to a mansion that looked the worse for wear, Fr. Robert remarked that this house had formerly been occupied by the American consulate. Now the stairs were uncarpeted and the walls bare, but I found the spirit of the house delightful and an explanation for its dilapidated state was given the next day, when I was taken to the new Procurator in process of erection in a more convenient location.

Before tiffin it was my privilege to greet the man whom, with Père Robert, I was most anxious to see—Bishop de Guébriant of Canton.

Shortly after the foundation of the

The Catholic missionary may not receive from God the grace to enjoy privations, but he does not lack the grace to suffer.

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America I received letters from three bishops in the foreign missions, offering their congratulations, expressing their delight at the prospect of having American helpers, and suggesting their own vicariates as possible fields for Maryknoll priests. The one suggestion from China—the land where we felt we should be most needed—revealed itself in a letter from the Bishop of Kientchang, the Right Rev. Jean-Baptiste de Guébriant.

Later Bishop de Guébriant was called by his superiors to Canton, in the province of Kwangtung, where he found a large field with a personnel of priests reduced to the minimum by the conscription laws of France, which oblige even priests of the mission field to give up their work for souls.

I hardly met Bishop de Guébriant before I realized that Maryknoll's first mission in the Orient had been found, if Rome would approve; and in a few moments my eyes were on the map of China, riveted to a point marked Yeong-kong.

I must confess that I had never heard of the place—a sub-prefecture, south of Canton on the coast—nor of another sub-prefecture, Lo-ting, further north, which was to be ours with its two dependencies, Wan-fo and Si-lin. I told Bishop de Guébriant, however, that I could see no reason why we should not take advantage of the offer, and arranged to visit him before Christmas at Canton where he himself went that afternoon.

At Caine Road I soon began to realize the activities of Fr. Robert and his two assistants at the Procuration. In ten days they had received or sent away some eighteen visitors, mostly missionaries. Requests from the interior for all kinds of material needs came with practically every daily mail, business men of the city were frequently in the reception rooms, and the telephone rang as merrily as in some down-town office in any large city of Europe or America.

The new Procuration, which is rapidly nearing completion, will be in every way better adapted to the existing needs than the former house with its spacious corridors and rooms. For its purpose it has probably the best location in Hongkong—elevated yet easily accessible from the wharves, and at the same time isolated by a great parade ground on one side and a park on the other. The new building will have accommodation for a score of missionaries. It will contain a chapel with several altars, the offices of the Procuration, and living rooms. The expense of construction will be met by the sale of the old property.

An early visit on the day after arriving at Hongkong was to Bishop Pozzoni, the first of the Milan missionaries whom I had yet met although I had been anxious to get in touch again with some members of the Society whose great kindness Fr. Price and I had experienced at Milan on our way to and from Rome.

Bishop Pozzoni has all the zeal of a young apostle though he has passed well across the half-century line of life. He was extremely interested in the idea of supplying American Catholic missionaries to China and immediately expressed the hope that we would have some men near enough to help him, occasionally at least, to meet the spiritual needs of English-speaking residents in Hongkong. He himself speaks English and preaches frequently in that language. At the moment, in fact, he had the proof sheets of a devotional booklet which he then and there asked me to edit.

My visit extended itself far beyond my calculations and at its close I found myself booked for two sermons the following Sunday, one at the Cathedral, the other at St. Joseph's, and for a couple more on the Feast of the Epiphany.

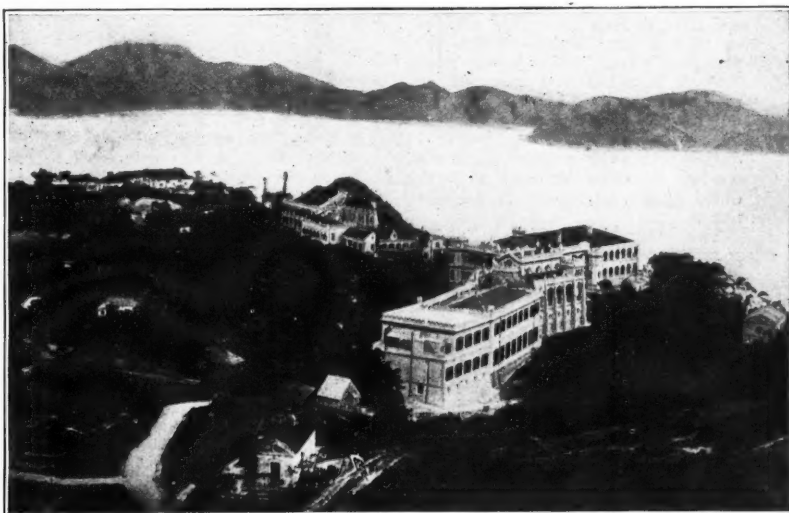
I met at Hongkong another priest with whom I had been in touch for years, Fr. Tour of Pokfulum, whose special work is to give retreats to priests and nuns in the various missions. This is a most useful and necessary feature of mission life which is rarely mentioned, although it means

considerable expense in the course of a year since the priests engaged in it must travel great distances.

I was glad to accept Fr. Tour's invitation to visit Pokfulum and we made the trip by taking the "funicular" (inclined railway) to its terminus on the heights and walking for a half-hour on a perfectly-laid foot-path over the mountain until we came to the entrance of a large, attractive structure, admirably set in a garden of trees and flowers with an outlook to the south over the China Sea.

This is one of the buildings owned and occupied by the Paris Society for its several purposes. The Paris Society, it must be recalled, has had until recently some fourteen hundred priests in Eastern Asia. At Pokfulum—as the district is known to the civil authorities—it has for many years sustained a sanatorium for its invalid and convalescent missionaries, and also an extensive printing establishment for the publication of religious books and pamphlets in the several languages used by the peoples to whom the Society has devoted its energies for the past three hundred years. The priests in charge of the publication bureau lead a community life and are occupied in literary labors or in giving retreats, either outside or to missionaries who go to Pokfulum expressly for that advantage.

My stay at Pokfulum was short, but long enough to realize the great need of just such an institution and the wisdom of its founders in the selection of the site. I planned to return



P O K F U L U M , H O N G K O N G .
(Sanatorium, retreat-house and printing-press of the Paris Seminary.)

for a longer stay, to come to a closer knowledge of the possibilities, present and future, of Nazareth and Bethany as a help to our young work.

The next day Bishop Pozzoni took me through what is known as the "Italian Convent." The name is misleading, as Italian is not the language of the house and the many activities affect a personnel of some eight hundred, few of whom, with the exception of the group of Italian nuns in charge, speak the Italian tongue. These nuns are the Canossian Sisters, whose work I saw for the first time at Hankow. They are bright, enterprising, and zealous—admirable helpers to the good Bishop in his two-fold task of propagating the Faith among the heathen and preserving it to the whites and Eurasians who live in Hongkong.

Thursday, after a busy morning, a little company of priests together with Bishop Pozzoni and a few Catholic laymen met shortly after noon at a Chinese business men's club for a somewhat unusual and very interesting affair that had been prepared by one of Fr. Robert's many friends for our entertainment.

It was a Chinese dinner, and as the clubrooms are not occupied, as a rule, until the evening we were privileged to make ourselves quite at home. While waiting for the call to arms I stretched myself on one of the deep wooden seats, rested my head on a porcelain brick, looked at an opium pipe that seemed to be the common property of club members so inclined, and tried to spell the word "comfort" so that all the letters should be in place, but I could see in it only misery.

Some one has told me that at a really sumptuous Chinese banquet the number of courses may run into the hundreds. We had several courses but ours was a very modest banquet and we left the table feeling that we had dined lightly, as becomes good Christians.

The clubroom itself was a great square room, evidently hired and not at all luxurious in its fittings. Our host, a bright young Chinaman who was pleased to speak English, told me that it has about twenty members, all serious and enterprising. He was evidently interested with our prayers before and after the meal and at his request the Bishop explained their significance.

One of the laymen present on this occasion told me that he has met not a few pagan Chinese of influence who are interested in the Faith and have stated that they would become Catholics without hesitation if they could free themselves from the entanglements produced by polygamy, a state

which they had accepted as a matter of course and without question. It would seem to us that where there is a will there is a way, but the Chinese pagan does not easily get our point of view.

In Hongkong, besides the "Italian Convent" there is also a "French Convent," one as much a misnomer as the other but both admirable and efficient. These two institutions meet similar needs but there is evidently work enough for both.

Up to a few years ago the French convent was installed in quarters altogether inadequate and the Sisters were at their wits' end, until that indefatigable worker, Père Robert, took up the matter. Then a factory for sale at a convenient point changed hands and soon began to change face. The enterprise was a big one, but Père Robert pushed it through, and the institution as planned and already partly completed will be a model Catholic settlement.

I visited the place with Père Robert and found a long extent of buildings accommodating an orphanage, boarding and day schools for girls, a hospital and dispensary, and several other departments, all well-planned and up-to-date and yet executed with the wisest economy. Solidity, simplicity, and cleanliness mark the establishment from door to door and its success is already guaranteed. The English Government has recognized its worth, and at great expense has turned a marsh-land at one end into a public park, which now gives an attractive outlook from the convent.

Sunday morning, December 23, was particularly fine. The birds were singing, the trees were green, and the flowers appeared as fresh as in June at home.

I was due at the Cathedral at nine-thirty, where I was privileged to occupy the pulpit for about fifteen minutes. Then I took a chair and was borne off to St. Joseph's. It was a ten-minute journey and most delightful, passing over a public highway that seemed like an elevated park overlooking the city and its harbor. St. Joseph's congregation is all English-speaking. The pastor is of Polish nationality, but he speaks English and his heart is Catholic.

At Bishop Pozzoni's table that day was a venerable Chinese priest whose zeal for souls keeps him long hours in the confessional. He recently celebrated his golden jubilee and when some one suggested that he should begin to take more rest his simple reply was, "No. I am getting near the end and must try to work harder so as to be better prepared."

Stories from The Field Afar

(160 Pages - 17 Illustrations)

Field Afar Tales

(170 Pages - 16 Illustrations)

Each 50 Cents Postage Extra

This dear old apostle told me that he was among those who met Théophane Vénard when the young martyr, then fresh from the seminary, arrived in Hongkong.

That evening Fr. Souvey—one of Fr. Robert's assistants—and I took the night boat for Canton, where, as planned months before at Maryknoll, I hoped to spend Christmas.

The boat was Chinese and the atmosphere was genuinely Oriental. Our cabin was not inviting. The berths rested within two inches of the floor and were sheetless; the door would not lock, and there was no water in the tank of the washstand. We were paying, however, in coin and experience, so we turned in with the clothes that carried our valuables, pulled somewhat gingerly a much-used blanket towards our shoulders, and listened to the noise of a small Chinatown in the next cabin until eleven P.M.

We were steaming slowly towards the city of Canton as I went out on deck on dawn. Red lights floated here and there, marking the channel, and faintly outlined against the still dark sky were the twin towers of the Canton Cathedral—the most beautiful building of its kind in all China.

Two priests were waiting for us—Fr. Fourquet, the vicar-general, whom I had met some years before in Paris, and Fr. Pradel, the procurator. We soon clasped hands on the dock and passed our satchels to the domestic just as we were caught in a Chinese wedge that tried to force a passage by the custom inspection. As we swung in front of these two worthies, I looked up and faced two brawny red-headed Irishmen. We had just time to exchange what might have been winks, and I joined my companions, marvelling again at the wanderlust winds that drive the sons of Erin over the face of the earth.

It was the day before Christmas, and even as we vested for Mass preparations had begun for the great festival.

That morning, in company with Bishop de Guébriant, I saw the principal works of the compound: the school of catechumens, the orphanage, the seminary, and the Sacred Heart

MARYKNOLL MISSION IN CHINA.

IN the Bishop's house at Canton, China, under the shadow of the stately Cathedral, a document in which every reader of THE FIELD AFAR will be interested was drawn up last Christmas.

From that document we quote:

M.E.

Catholic Mission,
Canton, China.

J. M. J.

In the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost.

The new American Foreign Mission Society, having at its disposal a certain number of priests ready to devote themselves to the missions and desiring to find a field, preferably in China, for their activities; and the Foreign Mission Society of Paris, solicitous only for the interest of Holy Church, regarding it as a duty and an honor to facilitate this new apostolic undertaking; united in a spirit of zeal for the glory of God and the salvation of souls, and in submission to the directions of the Holy See; subject, moreover, to the approbation of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda to which will be submitted the present agreement between his Lordship, Bishop de Guébriant of the Society of the Foreign Missions, Paris, Vicar-Apostolic of Canton, on the one side and the Very Reverend Father Walsh, Superior of the Foreign Mission Society of America, on the other, hereby agree, etc. (Here follows in detail a description of the territory set aside, and the special terms of the agreement.)

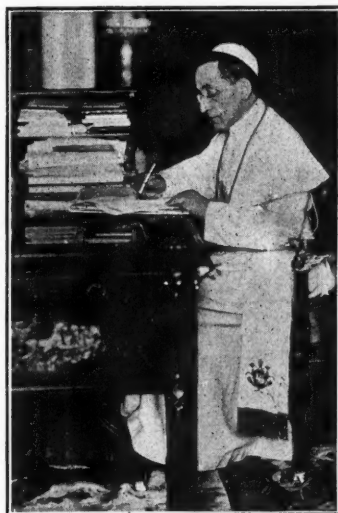
The above agreement was forwarded in duplicate to Rome, one copy directly, the other, for extra signature, by way of Maryknoll, and that day a cable went over the Pacific to Ossining, bearing these words:

FIELD FOUND.

The thrill swept away to Maryknoll-in-Scranton, and over to Maryknoll-in-San-Francisco; and there it stopped, because it was necessary before making a definite and certain announcement to await the indispensable word from Rome.

AND NOW—

Dated at Rome, on the feast of St. Mark the Apostle, and arrived at Maryknoll on that of the great doctor of the Church, St. Augustine, we have before our eyes as we write the longed-for word of approbation from the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, signed by His Eminence, Cardinal Van Rossum, Prefect, and his Secretary, Monsignor Laurenti.



BENEDICT XV., THE VICAR OF JESUS CHRIST.

This blessed word came to Maryknoll before the evening meal, and by a happy co-incidence two of Maryknoll's best friends, Monsignor Mooney, Vicar-General of New York, and Monsignor Dunn, Chancellor, had dropped in on one of their occasional welcome visits. The announcement, made immediately after the prayer before supper, almost took the breath away from everybody, including the visitors. (The Procurator remarked afterwards that it did not take away any appetites). There was joy supreme and all shared in it.

Maryknoll, then, seems to be no longer merely a *hope*. It is a force ready for action, in a field properly assigned.

But where is the field you will naturally ask. And what kind of a ranch is it some Western friend will add.

We do not wish to burden our readers with too many fantastic names or sink them too deeply in geography, but we are anxious to prove that the land which the Maryknoll Mission will occupy is recognized by map-makers.

Look, then, at the map of China and note the well-known English city of Hongkong. Just to the west is the province of Kwangtung, one of the eighteen provinces of the Chinese empire. The Maryknoll Mission will occupy for the present a small slice of that province and its place on the map is indicated by "X" and "P" in monogram, the first two letters (in Greek) of the name of Christ.

The Maryknoll Mission will run from the South China Sea to the West River. It is not large, perhaps not more than one hundred and fifty miles in its longest measurement, and it does not count within its limits more than one of the four hundred millions of pagans in China.

Nor does it glory in the possession of any considerable city, its principal centers being a small city called Yeong-kong, near the coast, and a smaller one called Lo-ting, up towards the West River. But Maryknoll missionaries will be content with lesser responsibilities at the start than those carried by the European mission societies, because Maryknoll men are strangers to actual mission life and they wish first of all to learn.

It is possible that later they will have something to teach.

Fr. John M. Fraser has been released by the Bishop of East

Chekiang to attach himself to the Maryknoll Mission and at this moment he is on the new field, looking over the ground with Fr. Gauthier, a priest of the Canton vicariate.

A teacher and one catechist have been secured and already the first catechist has been installed in Lo-ting.

Two boys have been chosen to make their studies in Canton with the hope that both will go on for the priesthood; if not, for some other occupation by which they can serve the missions.

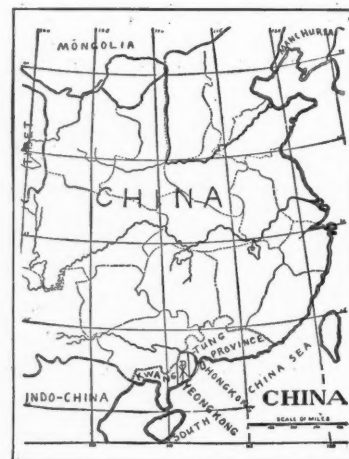
Towards the middle of September—only three months from now—the first departure will in all probability take place, and on that memorable occasion three or four Maryknoll priests will leave New York for Hongkong—America for China. *Do you wish to back them?*

Fr. Fraser on the Field.

FR. FRASER, whose bishop has kindly released him for special service to Maryknoll, is at present down in that portion of the Kwang-tung province which Maryknoll hopes some day to occupy. There, over by the West River, in a city called Lo-ting, he has placed a catechist named T. P. Chan, whom the Maryknoll Superior met when in Canton.

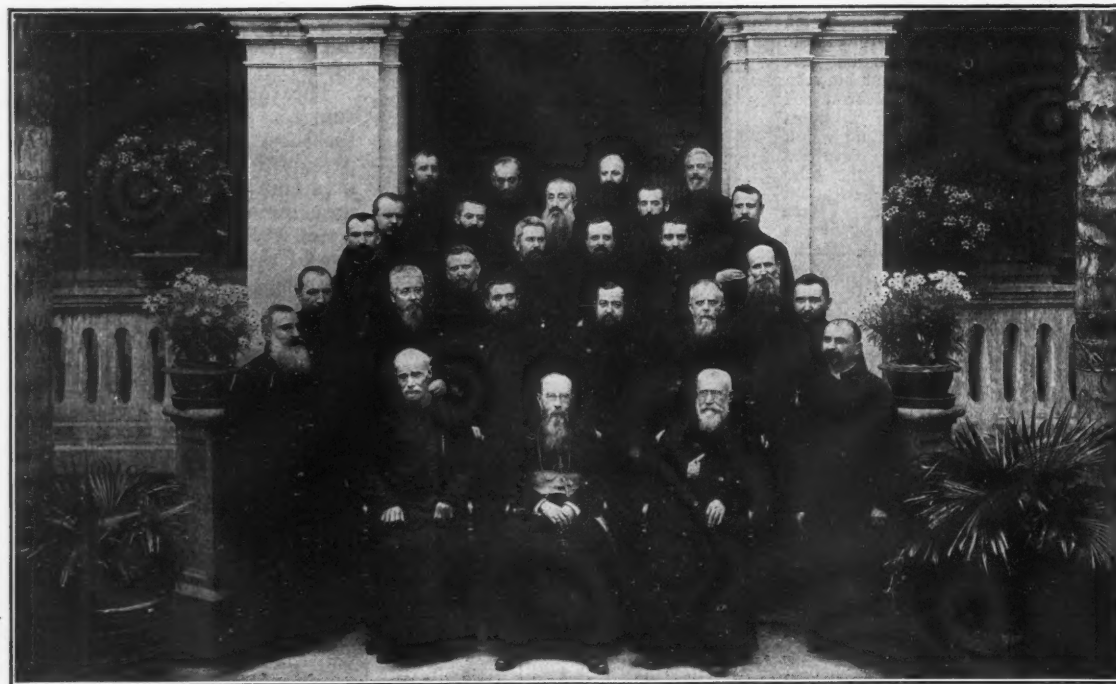
Fr. Fraser has also under his eyes a Chinese professor, to whom we are indebted for the following translation of the first report from T. P. Chan, up at Lo-ting:

I beg to inform you that your letter of last month and the sum you sent me from Canton were received on the second. After arriving at Lo-ting I was very busy in seeking the building; but owing to the huge sum charged by some of the landlords as a guarantee, or many not being in the large streets, I have selected one



which is the sixty-second of the Chew Haw Street, inside the Southern Gate.

The said building contains two big rooms. We shall take the front room as our assembly hall, while the back one is being divided into two chambers and a kitchen. It has been agreed that all the expenses for repairing will be



BISHOP DE GUEBRIANT OF CANTON WITH HIS PRIESTS.
(These apostolic men await with brotherly interest the arrival of Maryknoll's first band of missionaries.)

SCENES ON THE MARYKNOLL MISSION



*CORMORANT FISHERS ALONG
THE ROUTE*



*THE MARYKNOLL SUPERIOR
AT A DOUBTFUL MOUNTAIN PASS*



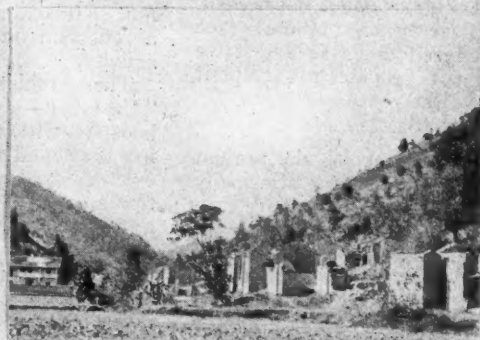
*FATHER GAUTHIER GUIDING
THE PROCESSION*



*FOLLOWING THE TRAIL WITH
BED AND BAGGAGE*



*AHMAN, A CONFESSOR OF
THE FAITH*



A BURNED CHRISTIAN VILLAGE

taken up by the landlord and the rent is \$6.00 for a month. According to the custom here, the rent has to be paid quarterly in advance, that is, we have to pay \$18.00 every three months. All the repairing work will be finished in no less than or even a little more than a week.

The other day I called in honor of your letter on the Magistrate here, who has the delight to know us and to do his best to protect our church. As to his proclamation that we are to put up at the door, I think we can have it when all is in order; but whether we can succeed is still uncertain.

I am now going to furnish the furniture as you told me. Please let me know beforehand when you and Fr. N—— will come, that I may have preparations for your welcome. As far as I can know, only several Christians have been found living near the city, but we have now many non-Christians who have registered their names to join the church. I hope by and by more Christians will be found in Lo-ting than we expect.

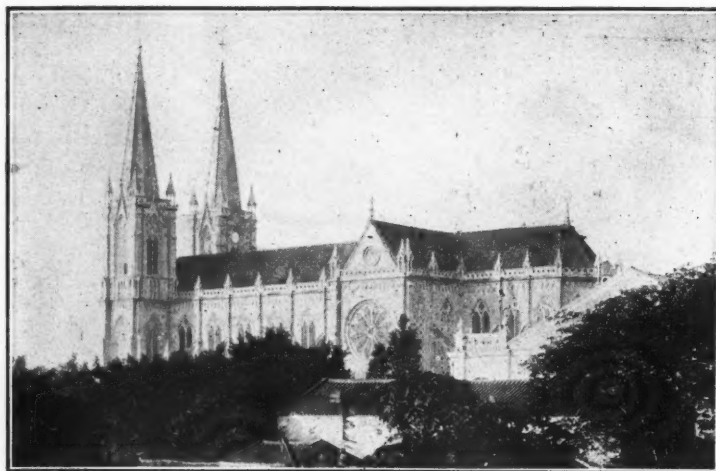
Maryknoll in San Francisco.

RETURNING from Japan, the Superior of Maryknoll landed at Victoria, B. C., and went down to San Francisco to take a look at the Procuration which had been opened on the eve of his departure from San Francisco.

He found it on the same street—Van Ness Avenue—as when he left, and in about the same condition. This first Procuration is, as our readers have already been told, a small hired house, and at present a better one is not needed, although if the right kind of place were offered to us as a gift we should not hesitate to accept it and save the rent.

The furniture in the present establishment consists principally of double beds, which our Procurator is trying to exchange for something that will not compel the occupants of rooms there to dress as if on a sleeping car.

There is also a square grand or grand square piano, which in its prime must have been the family pride, but which is at present rather obtrusive, though occasionally useful. Then there are other



THE CATHEDRAL OF CANTON.
(Before the end of the present year Maryknoll pioneers will offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass in this stately church.)

things that are really too good for a foreign mission procuration, but which a priest friend with a large heart brought as his pet contribution.

Judged from visible, and, therefore, substantial results, the San Francisco Procuration has not yet proved its worth, and has, in fact, been obliged to call on its parents at Maryknoll for necessary spending money. This does not mean that no one in San Francisco has been good to us. Anyone who has met San Franciscans knows that if this were true it would be a reflection on our own lack of activity.

The Archbishop himself; the "Captain"—a real Maryknoll booster—who, without a murmur, has prevented the landlord from evicting our solitary representative a score of times; the Auxiliary, a select body of interested Catholics who were on hand for the opening night and were satisfied to return for another charge when the Maryknoll Superior passed through San Francisco on his way back—all these are witness to the fact that a Maryknoll beginning has really been made at the City of the Golden Gate.

The Superior spent only a few days in and around San Francisco, but opportunities were provided for him to give travel talks in several establishments and to preach on Sunday at the Cathedral.

Young men who desire to enter Maryknoll, as candidates for the Seminary or for the Vénard Apostolic School (our preparatory course), or as Auxiliary Brothers, should make application now.

Maryknoll is arranging to place four priests in China before the close of this year. Do you wish to back them? You can do so by a simple prayer. And if your means allow you can do more. Here are the first and immediate needs:

Passage and outfit for each missionary	\$500
Personal support (food, clothing and service) for each missionary for one year	200
Catechist for one year ..	180
Yearly education of one student for the priesthood	100

College—all very promising, especially the well-housed seminary and the large college, to both of which we shall make allusion later.

It was nearing midnight on Christmas Eve. The arousing signals had been given, and as there was yet time I went out to the balcony, on which my room opened.

The calm light of the moon fell on the splendid church, whose buttressed apse and west transept were discernible now, even in their details. Between the church and the Bishop's house the path was outlined by a wealth of flowers in bloom, all ready in their own settings to contribute their beauty to the great feast.

Looking at the church, I wondered here, as I had so often, at the skill and courage of pioneer missionaries. The Cathedral, which is a monument to the generosity of the French people, including Napoleon III, was designed and its erection supervised by a former bishop of this vicariate. The rearing of the structure in a strange land, by hands trained exclusively to things Oriental, at a period when Catholics—still few—were practically without representation in the city, was nothing short of boldness.

High in one of the tall and graceful spires the deep-toned bell began to ring joyously, and through the trees beyond the gateway I could see the Chinese Christians already flocking to Mass.

We of the Bishop's household were to be somewhat scattered that holy night. Bishop de Guébriant himself had elected to offer his own Mass in the chapel of the Little Sisters of the Poor, a few minutes walk from the compound. Fr. Fourquet was due at the convent, also outside the mission enclosure; Fr. Pradel, the general procurator, was expected at Shameen, the island concession where Europeans and Americans live in greater safety and comparative isolation. The Cathedral Mass was my assignment, and I went in to vest.

The church was aglow with life and light. Great lanterns, gorgeous in color, swung in their places the whole length of the nave. The usual scant supply of electricity was supplemented by some especially strong light produced by gasoline, or possibly acetylene, that were sizzling an accompaniment to the vocal prayers of the assembled Christians.

The lower half of the Church was already well filled with pantalooned mothers and their daughters, while the upper portion, habitually reserved for men and youths, was being occupied by these lords of the universe, who, clad in their best dresses, sauntered in through the transept doors.

As the great bell rang out again in wild joy it was followed by an explosion of fire-crackers, and I wondered what the tens of thousands of Chinese pagans who had been sleeping within ear-shot knew or thought of this anniversary, so precious to every Christian. Would any of them hasten that night with the Shepherds to Bethlehem?

Around me were standing, in a quiet dignity, a half-dozen priests,



A TYPICAL STREET IN CANTON.

mostly Chinese, and a score of well-trained, neatly-dressed altar boys. How strong the contrast between their lively faith and the deadening superstitions that abounded outside this sacred enclosure! How near is Christ to these millions who know Him not!

The signal was given and we moved slowly to the altar. From an organ outside and near the sanctuary came a sweet prelude, well played—and in a few moments Mass, a simple low Mass, had begun.

There was music during the service, and I recall hearing the familiar strains of *Noel*, which I afterwards learned had been sung by the seminarians.

I also recall, immediately after the Consecration, an explosion of fire-crackers, that ran merrily for a few minutes and finished as if a bomb had exploded in the church vestibule. It was not startling, however. On the contrary, as I realized the motive, it was as solemn as the "present arms" of a company of soldiers before the Blessed Sacrament.

But best of all, that night, was the picture of Chinese men, women, and children, who, not content with seeing and adoring the Divine Babe swaddled in the accidents of bread, came to tabernacle Him in their own bodies.

Two priests gave Holy Communion steadily until after a second Mass had been finished.

At ten o'clock Christmas morning there were more fire-crackers, ushering in the Pontifical Mass, at which Bishop de Guébriant officiated, assisted by some of his priests and the native seminarians. The church was again well-filled, the ceremony was quite perfect in detail, and the choir added to a well-rendered Mass the indispensable and home-calling *Adeste Fideles*.

After Mass many people were waiting to salute "Monseigneur," and among them we found a returned San Franciscan, Mr. Lo Tai Ching, who had reared his family of seven in the United States, and whose daughter knows English, as the proud father remarked, better than any other Chinese girl in Canton. Mr. Lo was pleased to learn that on the way over I had met Fr. Bradley, of San Francisco, for whom the Chinese of that city have a high regard.

My third Mass of Christmas Day was celebrated at seven o'clock in the convent chapel, outside the mission compound. In planning to arrive at Canton for Christmas I had included the intention of saying this Mass, because for several reasons I had become interested in the community of Sisters at Canton. In the first place, I had known personally their founder, the late Abbé Bourassa, of Montreal. Again, although not from the States, the Sisters are American, and a new congregation trying out their apostolic zeal for the first time on the soil of China. Finally, one of the first members of THE FIELD AFAR

Candidates for Maryknoll or for the Vénard Apostolic School should make application now for admission in September. Each application should be accompanied by a reference to the student's pastor or to some priest who knows him well.

clerical staff, Miss Mary Donovan, had joined this community and is actually Sr. Mary Angeline of Canton.

I managed with some difficulty to get into the right alley that led to the large grounds occupied by the Sisters. A few of the convent school boarders, who had come from their homes for the midnight Mass and feared to return, represented one branch of the Sisters' activities here. At Mass there were also the orphans and the native nuns.

There are Little Sisters of the Poor at Canton—not many yet, because their present house is small and they are waiting and praying for something larger. They will certainly get what they want—and their eyes are already on the desired property. Doubtless they have managed to stow away a few statues of their favorite saints in some corner of the place, so as to make sure that no one else will get it—for of such is the faith of Little Sisters—the faith of children—and of such is the Kingdom of Heaven.

And the Chinese themselves, Catholics and pagans, will pay for the new property, because these little Sisters of Canton—among whom, by the way, are two Irish nuns—know that city, in some respects at least, better than General Leong of the army or the chief of the Kwangtung bandits. Not that Little Sisters should be classed with military leaders or robbers, but they certainly have a way of finding out "who's who" when it is a question of getting something for God—and "for the old people."

An after-Christmas excursion was planned for Thursday, the twenty-seventh. It was designed to give me a glimpse of a small Christian settlement—also, to try out my skill again in the manipulation of chopsticks.

The mission, so far as I could learn, bore only the cheerful name of *Cemetery*. One of our party, Fr. Pradel, had established this mission and was until the war in charge of it—and his heart, in fact, is still there. Cemetery jokes have no effect on the genial Father, and proximity to a City of the Dead seems only to have added to his own life and liveliness.

There was a stir as we approached the settlement, and from various corners human life began to appear.

In spite of its name and its nearness to graveyards, this little hamlet is quite attractive, with its score of homes flanked by a large pond and guarded by the missionary's house, which serves at the same time as the House of God.

Into the chapel we entered with the people, all of whom, after the Angelus and a few other prayers had been recited, followed us outside again. They

were curious to know where such a freakish-looking individual as I came in—with a cassock and no beard. *America* meant nothing to these countrymen, but they were satisfied when they learned that I was a priest.

While mutual observations were in progress a woman who seemed to be queen of the hive put in an appearance, and after reverently saluting Fr. Pradel raised her voice to a pitch that silenced even the babies and poured out in an indignant tone large volumes of Chinese until I began to fear for my host. Later I understood that some local authority had been trying to clip this queen bee's wings by some injustice and that she was anxious to let Fr. Pradel know how matters stood.

The dinner that day was Chinese, up to and including the chopsticks. The menu had been carefully painted by the catechist's brush and faithfully executed by the cook. The parishioners looked in from time to time to enjoy the spectacle, and the Chinese curate was the silent hero of the occasion.

I recall what struck me as a practical arrangement in this little Christian settlement—the combination of chapel and missionary's house. The chapel was on the ground-floor, as were also the reception and dining rooms of the priest. Above were two bedrooms and a living-room, and from the living room the priest could enter the gallery of the chapel. This gave him easy access to the Blessed Sacrament and an almost constant guard over it.

"And they shall bring all your brethren out of all nations for a gift to the Lord . . . saith the Lord."—Isa. lvi. 20.

Your Liberty Bond will be safe in Maryknoll's keeping, and will serve you as an investment "for God and Country."

Keep in mind that at Maryknoll Thrift Stamps and War Savings Stamps are quite acceptable, not only as gifts, but in payment of dues, or for books, etc.

In making remittances, we suggest that our friends use Thrift Stamps, and thus give a push, small though it be, to the Government. The strength of the Nation, like that of the Church and its many works, depends upon the co-operation of the many.



DODGING submarines or carried quietly across the Pacific, recent mails have brought from:

AFRICA—Letters: Fr. Kerkhoff, Nagalama; Fr. Rottgering, Budaka.

CHINA—Letters: Fr. Lepers, Tientai; Fr. Tour, Pokfulum; Fr. Nugent, Ninghai; Sr. Clare, Chenting-fu. Promise of four Masses: Fr. Mullin, Hankow.

INDIA—Letters: Bp. Legrand, Dacca; Fr. D'Souza, Fajir, Promise of Mass: Fr. Niard, Akyab; Fr. Schipper, Alur.

Fiji Islands—Letter: Fr. Guinard, Namosi.

From Along the Line.

THE Vicar-General of Pondichery, Fr. J. Darras, died recently at eighty-two years of age, after an apostolate of fifty-three years.

A ripe old age does not seem to be altogether uncommon on the mission field. An old French priest, Fr. Bonin of Cochin China, and two native priests all celebrated recently their golden jubilees in the priesthood.

The report of the "Union of Christian Education (Protestant) in Western China" announces 508 schools, with 15,539 pupils.

The figures supplied from Catholic sources in the province of Szechuan give 1,054 schools, with 18,442 pupils.

We are pleased to record the gift of a bursar for the seminary of Nagasaki, Japan. This gift was inspired by a suggestion found in the log of Maryknoll's Superior, and has already been forwarded to Bishop Combaz. It will make possible an increase in the native clergy of the Island Empire.

Priests in the United States or Canada who baptize an Asiatic should give to the newly-baptized a certificate, for which the missionaries in the Far East habitually look.

We had almost given up Uganda as separated from the world, and we were beginning to think that old friends of Maryknoll, like Bishop Biermans, Fr. McCabe, Mother Paul, and a host of others—not to speak of the "poet,"—were isolated, when a letter arrived. We are assured, but we are certain that the Uganda mission must be in straits.

One General Lung (not General One Lung) is the prominent war figure of China to-day. When last heard from he was still busy in the South, trying to quiet the followers of Dr. Sim, who do not like to be called Revolutionists.

For months this doughty general, a really commanding figure and very intelligent leader, was occupied in and about *Yeong-kong*. (Remember that name. You will hear it often.)

Fr. Cavaignac, of the Nagasaki diocese, Japan, who for several years was in touch with Maryknoll, was killed at the battle of Arras, while ministering as chaplain to a wounded soldier. He had been cited for bravery four times and had been decorated with the Cross of War.

When the news of Fr. Cavaignac's death reached his mission, forty prominent Japanese (non-Catholics) gathered to do him honor, and six of these, including Dr. Taman, Director of the High School, spoke.

We ask prayers for Fr. Cavaignac's soul.

Why not think of *A Maryknoll Annuity*? The plan could not be simpler. Here it is:

You give to Maryknoll (i. e., to the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, which is incorporated by the State of New York) a sum of money, in the hundreds or thousands as you decide.

Our Society draws up a written agreement, accepting your money and binding itself legally to pay interest to you regularly until your death. In this way much trouble is avoided.

While the Maryknoll Superior was on the China Sea—safe from harm—an earthquake of great force hit Swatow, affecting Hongkong and other places not far away.

Hundreds of houses fell and hundreds of people were buried in their ruins.

And now, as in San Francisco, rebuilding is going on. Bishop Rayssac would welcome the help of some coolies to remove the debris from his cabin and let him start housekeeping again. If you cannot offer your services, recall that the Bishop can secure coolies at the rate of about thirty cents a day.

He writes:

The first and most dangerous shock was felt on February 13, at 2 P.M. Hundreds of houses collapsed and hundreds of people were killed and a greater number injured. Our little buildings are severely damaged and we had to prop them up. Our church threatens ruin. Since then we have had many other shocks, and even now we feel little ones from time to time.

It is a great trial to us, in addition to the bad times in which we live. There has been more fighting between Southerners and Northerners. Swatow was taken by the former, and the latter, retreating, are now forty miles away. Will they come again? We pray God to spare us a new trial—we have had enough for the present.

NEW POST-CARDS.

Are you interested in post-cards? We have a new stock that includes views of Maryknoll, China, India, Japan, Africa, and Oceania,—more than forty subjects in all.

The price is low—perhaps too low—but you may have as many as we can supply at fifty cents a hundred. Selected subjects in albums, 50c. and 75c.

The bishop who receives such a letter of request as this can hardly be blamed if his promises turn out to be only so much wind:

To HIS LORDSHIP,

RT. REV. BISHOP VUYLSTEKE.

LORDSHIP:

I send you this letter as a sign of joy that I could write you. I remember you the fine football that you have promised us when we shall write Your Lordship a English letter.

We pray every day for you that God shall give you strength to work for us. Lordship, it must be a fine football. Wishing you in good health and God's blessing over us,

Your most obedient servant,

P. S.—We need not only an outer ball, but an inner ball with a pump, etc.

We are told in the inspired word of God that it is His will that all be saved and come to the knowledge of the truth. The mission field in the world, then, is a great one. There are about a billion unbelievers, for whom the Savior shed His Precious Blood just as for us.—Rev. P. C. Danner.



WHEN THE BISHOP WOKE UP.

Tae Brither Sandy.

(At Maryknoll.)

AT news o' Sc.t, wha's blessed lot
Is similar tae mine,
The mem'ry bounds an' hairt re-
sounds
Wi' music hushed lang syne.

Impulses auld, forgotten, cauld,
Laup oot in youthfu' prime,
And mem'ry's haze o' bairnie days
Expression seeks in rhyme.

I sees the lums, the reek that comes
An' hangs o'er Clyde obscurin',
The hillsides kissed by daybreak's mist,
Their stern crags veiled allurin'.

I sense the breeze o' western seas,
I see the Firth once more,
Dumbarton's rock—Auld Nature's lock
On Vale o' Leven's door.

Loch Lomond's sheen, the summer's
green,
Ben's white broo towering high,
The distant hue o' heather blue,
The fields wi' flocks o' kye.

These an' the rest—the unexpressed
O' recollection's store—
Surge through ma heed like floodgates
freed
By thochts o' Scotia's shore.
Washington, D. C.

The Difference.

A TELEPHONE call came recently with the request for our legal title, as a Catholic gentleman, A, was about to remember us in his will to the extent of a thousand dollars. We answered thankfully:

Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America, Incorporated.

On the Superior's desk was a check for one thousand dollars from B, with the request for an Annuity agreement by which the Society would bind itself to forward to the donor during his lifetime fifty dollars every six months—or five per cent annual interest.

The Society may never benefit by the good-will of A, but it is certain of B's gift—and B in turn is assured of his continued income.

The Annuity idea is well worth a thought.

If the Annuity idea appeals to you, note the paragraph on page 55.

Maryknoll Happenings.

THE manufacturer of the fabrics that appeared in these columns during the absence of the Maryknoll Superior gave an impression to our readers that he was going to resign his position, and that habitually the crazy-quilt had been produced, and should be produced, by the Superior himself—who could “do it so much better,” make it so much the crazier, etc., etc.



THE FIELDS OF MARYKNOLL.

The truth of the matter is that no one among the many scribes at Maryknoll is bold enough to acknowledge his responsibility for the material that finds its way into this section. May our readers grin and bear it, unmindful of who's who behind the typewriter keys!

Ordinations the week before Pentecost, at St. Joseph's Seminary, Dunwoodie, were shared in

by the following Maryknoll aspirants:

Robert J. Cairns—Priesthood.
Anthony P. Hodgins—Deaconship.
George F. Wiseman—Sub-deaconship.
Joseph A. Hunt—Exorcist and Acolyte.
Raymond A. Lane—Exorcist and Acolyte.
Joseph A. Sweeney—Exorcist and Acolyte.
John H. Murray—Tonsure and Lector.
Joseph C. Stack—Tonsure and Lector.
Philip A. Taggart—Tonsure and Lector.
Frederick J. Gregory—Tonsure and Lector.

Fr. Cairns is an alumnus of Holy Cross College, and is known to some of our readers as “Brither Sandy.” The mere mention of Scotch heather used to agitate this young levite, but now he is more affected by the vision of poppy-fields in Chinese prospect.

Fr. Cairns celebrated his first Mass at Maryknoll, of course, and he was privileged to have his mother near him on the solemn occasion. We ask for him, as for those others who have recently advanced towards the altar, prayers that all may correspond to the graces they have received.

The announcement has already been made that the Superior of Maryknoll, after finishing a twenty-five thousand mile dash to and through Eastern Asia, has turned up and is sitting still (more or less) at his desk in Ossining, New York. He was so pleased with the progress made along all lines during his absence that he is inclined now to the policy of leaving the place when things do not run well.

He found the property yet in the name of the Society over which he presides; all the buildings intact, and the grounds ready to burst forth vegetables, grain, grass and flowers; and last, but not least, a larger family than when he left.

The seminary and St. Michael's

appeared as when he went away, although the coats of each had grown a trifle shabby; Saint Teresa's, where the women-toilers dwell and pray, was attaching to itself a new shed, which, when painted, will make its mother long for a new fall coat; the laundry was a "dream" in field-stone that would meet the heart's desire of the most fastidious Chinaman; but the new Saint Joseph's—about which he had read down in Indo-China—was staggering to the wanderer, who rubbed his eyes and pinched his arm in an effort to recall what it looked like when it was a barn.

The transportation service, too, was a surprise.

When the Superior left the Knoll in September, 1917, a hired Ford, followed by the home truck *Elizabeth*, enabled him and his belongings to reach the railway station. When he returned, a real machine—the gift of a New York benefactor—puffed down to meet him, and although it did not arrive in time it eventually was credited with the feat of landing him in the arms of his expectant flock.

But the Superior missed *Elizabeth*, and when the following day she was pushed out to greet him, whose baggage she had once so gloriously carried, his face lengthened as the tears fell—from her radiator.

"Poor old Liz!" was all that he could say as he turned from the shrivelled, battered thing, and—*his worries began*.

The Procurator watched the golden opportunity and sighed out his *imperative need* for a "new truck of some kind," because "the hill is long," and "there are at least two trips a day," and "we must have the mules on the farm," and besides, "we lost time on *THE FIELD AFAR* and in other departments," etc., etc.

"Back to China in a hurry," the Superior whispered to him-

self, but he decided to face the music and to call for prayers that someone with means might save the situation by steering a modest truck into the Maryknoll compound. (Imagine Saint Paul asking one of his Corinthian friends for an auto-truck!—and we believe that he would do it if he lived here and in our day.)

Then for consolation and relief he visited the porkers—no one of whom recognized him. He passed on to the barn where the mules, which he had so successfully extracted from the stable of a Brooklyn contractor, and the Pennsylvania horse, for which he had grudgingly paid \$250 some years ago, all turned away their heads as he entered.

The hens ran away as he approached; and even Collie clung frightened to a group of his particular friends, the Teresians.

It was a little discouraging, but the human welcome was the thing, and it was pleasant to feel that the home-coming meant a joy to the family as well as to the father.

We have mentioned "joy," "Procurator," and "motor-cars" in the above paragraphs, and the combination suggests a word

about the Procurator at Maryknoll. The title for Procurator in French establishments is *Econome*, and we are anxious to find a word that would embody the two-fold idea of economy and provisions, but we cannot. If we could, one would surely apply it to the Maryknoll Procurator. He has the requisites of a bountiful provider—a good appetite and a generous heart; but he does not lack other essentials, such as hatred of waste, the sense of time, love for order—and an eagle eye.

"Joy." Anyone who attempts a joy-ride with the Maryknoll auto pays the Procurator at the rate of ten cents a mile. This may seem to our readers a small thing to write about, and as a matter of fact there is not much joy-riding at Maryknoll, but the Procurator's regulation is an index of his interest in the financial side of his holy enterprise, and the Superior himself, being under the law, and at present cashless, must breathe fresh air at a window or on *Shank's mare*. The doings of the Maryknoll Procurator, however, would fill a volume, and the story would not then be complete. In the meantime, his eagle eye is a light to the treasurer and a consolation to the Corporation.



THE FIELD AFAR OFFICE. IT DAILY GROWS MORE BEAUTIFUL.

"We could not help it." This was the answer to the Maryknoll treasurer when, after a week's campaign, he returned to Maryknoll and met a new truck hauling THE FIELD AFAR to the Ossining railway station.

Elizabeth had fallen in her tracks, and there was nothing to do but turn her in and get another—a cool one-thousand-dollar proposition, which made the treasurer's spirits sink low and stay down until he reasoned out the following:

Maryknoll is no longer small—the family on this hill counts more than three score and ten; the railway station and boat landing are two miles away, some five hundred feet below us, and the carting of all kinds of merchandise, including almost fifty thousand copies of THE FIELD AFAR, and an occasional load of black diamonds, requires an average of two trips a day; our light truck is now at times overloaded, and the extra cost of a more solid machine can be compensated by proper care; finally, BROTHER CHAUF is no joy-rider and takes a laudable pride in keeping up to the mark whatever he uses.

Gradually, then, the Maryknoll treasurer reasoned away his wrath, and now he is wondering if anyone with an appreciation of time and money savers will share with him the duty of paying for Carry.

There was a time, not so long ago, when a visitor to Maryknoll was such an event that if THE FIELD AFAR social reporter happened to be away he would receive a letter about it.

Now the reporter is often embarrassed in meeting elsewhere visitors whose kindly presence at the Knoll, though recorded, had not been reported to him. This oversight is due to the fact that every guest-master at Maryknoll is so much interested as to imagine himself the proprietor of the place, with no further obligation to discharge towards visitors than to make them feel at home and to send them away happy, though sober.

Fr. Scialdone, a Lazarist mis-

sioner from East Kiang-si, China, was listed on the Maryknoll guest-book in May. Fr. Scialdone's visit to America is one of passage to Italy.

Other clerical visitors during the month included: Rev. John J. Mitty, D.D., N. Y.; Rev. Paul Koch, C.S.S.R., Puerta de Tierra, P.R.; Rev. Paul Francis, S.A., Graymoor, N. Y.; Rev. Francis Kiniry, N. Y. C.

There were lay visitors, too, among whom we are tempted to mention the President of Costa Rica, who came over one Sunday in the company of a neighbor and a well-known New York journalist. The guest rooms were all working that afternoon, and His Excellency graciously occupied a seat on the front stoop, remarking as he did so that the United States is a very democratic country. The President is a big man in his own land, just the same, and we were happy to greet him.

The suggestion that some of our benefactors would gladly be sponsors for rooms at St. Joseph's has been met, and at fifty dollars each the following rooms have been taken:

St. Joseph.

St. Catherine.

St. John Nepomucene.

Sts. Philip and James.

Bernadette.

In memory of Mary Josephine Nolan.

In memory of Hannah Maguire.

St. Francis of Assisi.

St. Krescentia.

St. Benedict.

St. John the Evangelist.

St. Vincent de Paul.

Other rooms await sponsors.

A Perpetual Associate Subscription costs, as usual, fifty dollars.

THE CHI RHO RING!



Order now

Three weeks required

Sterling silver.....\$3.00

10-karat gold..... 5.00

14-karat gold..... 6.00

Field Afar Office, Ossining, N. Y.



GOD was good to us during the past school year, and we think it was not profitless. In fact, we believe it put much into our lives that will contribute to furthering the great motive back of it all—the extension of Christ's

Kingdom. But the end crowns the work and so, as we are about to fold our tents—literally in some instances—and steal away, the thought uppermost here is to append a grandstand finish to our successful year. Which, freely translated, means a bang-up Shower. For the uninitiated let it be said that a Shower is a racket, shindig, jamboree, lawn party, or what you will—anything but what the name itself indicates, because that would spoil it all.

The purpose of this gathering is to relieve our friends of those encumbrances known as Mite Boxes, or at least the contents thereof, and at the same time to get a chance to tell them point blank how much their help means to us. Some speech-making—not too much—can be looked for, because the Vénard Director will have to say something and the Superior of the Society will have something to say. Furthermore, although it is not the menu but the men you sit beside that make the banquet, it seems that the ladies in charge are going to be true to the feminine instinct and provide something to cheer the inner man. The day will close with Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

The only requisite for being present is that you are not sick in bed on the afternoon of Saturday, June 22, so that if your eye falls on this notice be advised by these presents that you are distinctly wanted. Stretch a point and yourself, take this hint, a day off, and the Northern Electric Street car, and join the "We have with us tonight" Club at the Vénard.

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball. We were all crazy to play, but had no ball field. Only one thing occurred to us to do, namely, to make one, so every effort was made and every expense was spared to obviate the difficulty. The diamond gradually took shape under the combined efforts of the entire personnel, aided by the exertions of a pair of mules lately wished upon us. We are learning that God helps those who help themselves, and those ball games were doubly enjoyable in the knowledge that the pleasure was purchased by our own toil.

If it were not for the farm and the generous stores of provisions it brings to us, the Procurator would fall off the water wagon or do something equally desperate. We have no middle-men to deal with of course, but there is many a slip between the farm and the dinner table. Did you ever see food go to waste because there was no way of preserving it? You can see it on any farm where the produce is not immediately sold and there is no provision for canning. On a farm everything has a way of getting ripe about the same time, and as you can't eat it all, what you can't eat you can. We shall easily use a thousand cans this year—that is if we have them, or to put it in another way, if you want to help feed a hungry bunch of missionaries. You will think we want the earth. We do, to be perfectly frank, but not yet a while. Just now we aspire to the fruits thereof, and to only a modest portion of those.

The Month of the Sacred Heart is always a beautiful one here in the hills of Pennsylvania. Then come the roses, symbolizing perhaps the love of that Heart which broke for all mankind. Then come the perfect days, making earth a beautiful habitation, an earnest of that Heaven, it may be, to which the Sacred Heart of our Redeemer wishes to lead every son of man. Now, when God's love is poured about on the visible face of nature it seems easier to realize the inwardness of the great truth that that love is universal; that even as He covers the barren earth in every land and clime with the fairy forms of flowers and growing things, so He would cover the sins of all with the robe of His Redemption, and make to blossom in the soul of every creature the sweet flowers of His grace and love. May it inspire us all to greater zeal in the prosecution of our life's work, to do more and to pray more, that in God's good time, this blessed consummation may come to pass!



VÉNARD STUDENTS PREPARING FOR THE SUMMER DRIVE.

The first individual burse for Maryknoll's Apostolic School—the Vénard—will be credited to the good will of the Scranton diocese. A generous friend, whose name is withheld, has made a first payment of two hundred and fifty dollars, and will continue regular offerings until the burse—in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus—shall be completed. May God reward this benefactor!

If the maintenance of an aspirant for the priesthood at Maryknoll or The Vénard appeals to you, you may satisfy this holy desire by the offering of two hundred and fifty dollars for one year.

The Teresians are no strangers to Red Cross work these days. Not that they have much free time for this service, but they are lovers of their country, and feel that they must give something special in addition to their daily offering of prayers and consecrated labor. The gray veil, red-crossed, on each forehead, is quite impressive, though rarely seen by any except themselves, but better than this is the overflowing basket of bandages, etc., which occupies the table at the end of their recreation hour two evenings a week.

There is not much noise from our Teresians but when it is a question of something to be done—they are doers of the word and not hearers only. A blessing on them!

NUGGETS.

Among the larger nuggets unearthed during the month is one of five hundred dollars from the Catholic Women's Benevolent Legion, for their Burse at Maryknoll. The others, aggregating six thousand five hundred dollars, are from eight priests—our most prized, and actually the most generous, benefactors of the work from its beginning.

Thirty-eight hundred dollars of this amount is from the will of the late Fr. Boucher of Haverhill

(Mass.) and is destined for work in China.

Two thousand have been given to Maryknoll in the form of an annuity—a very acceptable kind of help, although it will not benefit the work until after the death of the benefactor.

We note with special interest that these priestly gifts represent several States of the Union, from Maine to Minnesota; also, that they include one for Maryknoll's Daily Bread, a need which is so common that it is rarely in the minds of our benefactors.



ENTERPRISES OF THE MARYKNOLL MARIA CIRCLES.

"WHAT we cannot do in money we shall try to do by our Communion and prayers," writes the St. Dominic Circle of Central Falls, (R. I.).

We are always grateful for such co-operation, which is indispensable to the success of our work.

A New Bedford (Mass.) Circle offers this suggestion: "For first prize at our Whist Party we gave a subscription to THE FIELD AFAR (the winner passed it on to a friend), and for second, *Thoughts From Modern Martyrs*."

A check for the goodly sum of \$14 accompanied the letter.

The Father Fraser Circle is the new title of our Toronto group of helpers. It is especially appropriate, since the efforts of this Circle have been from the beginning marked by the same energetic zeal that characterizes that well-known Apostle whose name they bear. The latest returns are as follows:

Mite Box offerings.....	\$13.15
Dues	10.30
Gift	5.00
	<hr/>
	\$28.45

START A CIRCLE.



"Give Us This Day Our Daily Bread!"

FROM YOUR STATE AND OTHERS.

STATE	GIFT	SUBSCRIBERS
Alabama		2
Arizona		1
Arkansas	\$3.00	2
California	33.90	20
Colorado		3
Connecticut	118.35	50
Delaware	1.00	8
District of Columbia	6.00	22
Florida	5.50	4
Georgia		1
Idaho	9.60	2
Illinois	89.07	29
Indiana	2.50	7
Iowa	3.25	10
Kansas	2.17	7
Kentucky	2.00	8
Louisiana		5
Maine	57.25	8
Maryland	38.99	7
Massachusetts	* 6,785.63	100
Michigan	24.00	16
Minnesota	103.50	8
Mississippi		1
Missouri	89.40	18
Montana		1
Nebraska	3.40	4
New Hampshire	28.75	6
New Jersey	102.68	79
New Mexico	1.00	3
New York	969.43	263
North Carolina		1
North Dakota		1
Ohio	2,011.85	15
Oklahoma		3
Oregon	1.00	1
Pennsylvania	493.45	923
Rhode Island	172.95	39
South Carolina	10.00	2
South Dakota	3.08	11
Texas	21.63	3
Utah		1
Vermont	22.31	7
Virginia	5.80	2
West Virginia	2.25	4
Wisconsin	6.00	12
Wyoming	2.20	
FROM BEYOND THE BORDERS.		
Canada		16
Hawaii	7.75	1
Newfoundland		1
New Brunswick	2.00	
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Deceased: Rev. William P. Smith; Annie Delaney; Mrs. T. Sullivan; Walter J. Rieckelman; James McGaharan; Thomas Moore; Mary Moore; Ellen Casey; Andrew Foley; Mrs. B. Foley; Mrs. M. Moran; James Moran; Margaret H. Holloran.

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Sr. Austin	Mrs. W. Boyle
Sr. Sylvia	Mrs. Buckley
Sr. Euphrasia	Mary McGrath
Sr. Joseph Mary	Mrs. Belle McAtee
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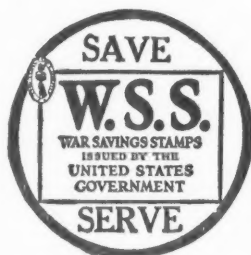
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